

Pulpit-War:

OR,

Dr. *S—ll*, the High-Church Trumpet,

AND

Mr. *H—ly*, the Low-Church Drum,

ENGAGED.

By way of **DIALOGUE**
between the Fiery *Dragon*, and
Aspiring Grasshopper.

L O N D O N

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By way of MALACOU
betwixt the Fairy Dragon, and
Aldring Givoy.

MONDAY

Do not forget to check the black

Pulpit-War, &c.

Dragon.

TELL me, Proud Insect, since thou can'st not Fly,
 By what assistance thou art Hopp'd so high:
 The busie swarms of Gnats and Wasps around,
 With Hum, and Buz, thy Revelations sound,
 And cry in thee (alone) their happiness is found.
 Me they Despise, and thee they Praise aloud,
 Admire thee, and Adore thee as a God:
 Misled by false Enthusiastick Light,
 They've rais'd thee now to a Destructive height,
 Who restless strive'st, by thy accustom'd ways,
 To stain those Glories, which thou ne'er could'st raise;
 And like your Dam (the Babylonian Beast)
 Cry down those Truths (by which Mankind are Blest)
 Which Reason, well as Faith, makes manifest.

Grashopper.

*Thy Soaky Body, and Aspiring Wings,
 Thy furious Tallons, and thy frightful Stings,
 Makes thee seem Monstrous to our milder Flock,
 Who dreaded once, but now disdains thy Toke;*

You'd bind our Souls, b' Omnipotence made free,
 And Rob us of that Heav'n-born Liberty,
 To which we have a Right, as clear as thee.
 My Sons thou wou'dst unreasonably confine
 To Worship God, within no Walls but thine,
 As if the Prayers from other Temples sent,
 Of sighing Souls, who faithfully Repent,
 Were Scorn'd, and by repulsion backward driven,
 Vanish'd in Air, and reach'd no Ear of Heaven.
 Where is its Goodness? What avails its Grace,
 If our sincere Repentance wants access,
 Thro' Heav'n's respect to either Time, or Place?
 Those measures but our own Projections be,
 Unminded of the Great Eternitie,
 Whose Love Divine moves round the Sinful Ball,
 To Bless each wretch, who on his Mercies call,
 Without regard to Place, no matter where,
 If the Heart's Contrite, and the Mind Sincere.
 Our Humble Guide the great Example yields,
 Who Pray'd and Preach'd in Gardens, Mounts, and Fields:
 Temples but Sacred from their use became,
 Our Fiety makes any House the same:
 Where e'er we in th' Almighty's Name repair,
 Omnipotence hath promis'd to be there.
 Besides ———
 Our Prayers (by which all pitty'ng Heav'n we move,
 To grant us His ineffimable Love,
 When whith true Zeal our Pious Souls are warm'd)
 Makes the Place Holy, wheresoe'er perform'd.

(5)
Dragon.

Thou know'st I'm founded on a fateleſs Rock,
Freed from the danger of an Envious ſhock,
Scripture's my Baſis, Immovable I ſtand,
Guarded by Lawful Pow'r on ev'ry hand.
Eſtabliſh'd by a National Conſent.
Preach Faith, and Charity, do illſ prevent ;
And for the Truths I Teach, am made Predominant.
Stedfaſt and Pure, from Innovations free,
Preſerv'd intire from Mutability ;
Safe from your Pride, and Envy, Arm'd with Law,
To humble ſtiff Preciſians, who withdraw
From my Communion, Conſcious to agree
With Heads uncover'd, or a bended Knee,
And think a Bow a rank Idolitry.
Religion, like a Prince, tho' neer ſo Pure,
By Pow'r to Punish, muſt be made ſecure,
Or elſe your Saints, to Reformation given,
Would quickly cut Ten Thouſand Paths to Heaven.
Could I from Faction's Insolence be free,
And live unſtain'd, without an Enemy,
(But that, till thou art cruſh'd, can never be)
Then Church, and State might happily Unite,
To Mankind's Safety, and to Heav'n's Delight :
But you, by Pride, are ſwell'd to ſuch a Rage,
(Fed by the Vice of a Corrupted Age)
That now you ſtrike, with Envy, at my Pow'r,
And aim'ſt above my Sacred Head to Pow'r :
But all in vain——

For that Blest Edifice can never drop,
Which, when assail'd, good Heav'n is still the Prop.

You urge a Barn, or Stable, where you Meet,
A Field, a Coffee-House, Dancing-School, or Street,
Are fit for Heav'nly Worship, and for Prayer
Sacred, as unpolluted Temples are.
O who can such Undecencies defend,
That do so much to God's dishonour tend ?
A Room where Men their common Lusts pursue,
Drink, Swear, Lye, Cheat, all Worldly-business do,
In Christian Reason, is a hopeful Place
To beg God's Presence, or expect His Grace;
Whilst His own House, for Holy use ordain'd,
To him erected, by our Sins unstain'd,
Shall be Despis'd, and Unregarded stand,
A useles Fabrick, in an Impious Land :
Yet do'st thou grumble in Oppressive Tones,
And rail at me for Persecutions.

If you, thro' study'd Prejudice, retire
From what the Laws of God, and Man require,
A Legal Force may justly then be us'd:
That Faction's Serpents may in time be bruis'd:
My Pow'r's from God, and in His Word declar'd,
To those who to my Laws bear no regard,
Heav'n's Punishments are just, as to the Good Reward.

The Scriptures whatsoe'er I Teach contain,
Whats Easie I Recite, whats Hard Explain:

Virtue

Virtue commend to Practice, Sin reprove,
Excite to Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love:
Obedience, Loyalty, Repentance, Prayer,
The use of what we Spend, or what we Spare.
Truth I advance, and what is False suppress,
You can no more than these, I do no less.
Then tell me what strange Feaver in the Head,
At first those Superstitious Frenzys bred?
From whence you raise that causeless discontent,
Which makes you from my Temples thus Dissent?

Grashopper.

Superfluous Rites, there are, which you maintain,
And bold as Decencies, which I think Vain.
Look back upon your boasted Pedigree,
One part deriv'd of Rome's Idolatry,
From whose fantastic Customs you have drawn,
Square Caps, low Bows, your Surplices, and your Lawn.
Proud Lazy Prelates, with Pluralities,
Who speak but by their hair-brain'd Deputies.
Whose Junior Tears no Truths obscure can reach,
And seldom are so Wise, as those they Teach.
Your Mass-like Services, with your noisie Toots,
Of bum drum Organs, Fiddle Faddles and Flutes.
Your high-flown Doctrine to advance a State,
And Please it, till Unlawfully made Great,
Then turn your Holy Flat'ries to its Fate.
These I dislike, from these (in chief) Dissent,
As quite repugnant to the Lord's intent.

These

These are the sumptuous Trappings of the Whore,
The Marks and Patches which she always wore.
These are her fluddy'd, and prevailing Charms,
Which, but the looser part of Fancy warms,
And draws unwary Youth to her Adult'rous Arms.

Dragon.

Eternal Order first informs our Sense,
And raises in us a due Reverence,
Either towards Place, or Person, where we see
Concurrent parts, in Noble Form, agree,
And tend to a peculiar Harmonie.
Or why did the Creator shape the World
From a dark Mass, together rudely hurl'd?
But that, in ev'ry part, Mankind should see,
The strokes of an All-pow'rful Diety.
From whence the light of Faith, does first arise,
And makes our Reason subject to our Eyes,
For ev'ry wond'rous work of Heav'n we see,
Gives fresh Assurance of Eternity;
And by its Graceful Order strikes an Awe,
Humbles our Souls, and does Obedience draw.
By Natural means, to Heav'n, and Natures Law:
Therefore, such decent Rites do I dispense,
As best shall Humble, and Affect the Sense;
And in my Sons beget a Graceful Reverence.
How insolent it looks? How evil bred,
To approach God's Presence with a cover'd Head?

Yet

Yet to a Great-Man Couch, with Hat in Hand,
 And Bare, before the Wealthy Idol, stand,
 Or at Devotion so neglectful be,
 As quite abandon all Humility;
 And rather than to Bended-knees submit,
 In disrespectful Postures, Lolling sit.

Next, with Church Government you disagree,
 And causlessly condemn our Hierarchie:
 Rail at my Bishops, angry at their State;
 And Envy them, whose Merit made them Great;
 The Learn'd, and Pious Characters they wear,
 Hath rais'd them to the Dignities they bear.
 Unstain'd their Lives, they are as Guardians chose,
 To save the Church from Error, and from Foes:
 Without whose Conduct, and Authority,
 Religions Pristine state can never be
 Kept from Erroneous Innovations free,
 But stand expos'd to every abuse,
 That each Fanatick whimfie shall produce.
 Then sure such Men, who by a Painful Life,
 (Thro' Grace) to Knowledge more sublim'd arrive;
 And, with the piercing Eyes of Reason, see
 Thro' all the Mist'ries of Divinity,
 Justly deserve a Spiritual advance,
 Above an unlearn'd, or a half-learn'd Dunce;
 Whose rowling Eyes, feign'd Looks, and yawning Jaws,
 Can nothing utter, but with Hums, and Haughs,
 Inspir'd with Ignorance, then roars aloud
 Audacious Nonsense, to a Brainless Crowd: 'Tis

Tis these, who from their Cradle are misled,
 And backward taught, to Faction's Pulpits bred,
 Who, with impetuous violence, headlong run,
 Pursuing Ills, their Rebel Si'ers begun.
 Thus in their Fathers Faults they persevere,
 And, by Instinct of Nature, envious Dunces are:
 These, thro' their barren Ignorance, exclaim
 Against all Order, and the Church defame.
 Pelting with Faction, and Calumnious Lyes,
 That Sacred Pow'r, to which they cannot rise:
 Spurning at all Ecclesiastick Pomp,
 True Zealous Sons of the detested Ramp,
 Waiting the lucky Minute to be turn'd up Trump.

Grasshopper.

*These bald aspersions, from afar you fetch,
 Serve, but as Bullets, to enlarge the Breach.
 Why so Disturb'd, so Scornful, and so High?
 You're but a Weather-cock as well as I.
 Boast of fix'd Fundamentals, yet I find,
 For Interest, you can Turn with ev'ry Wind.
 Where's Right Divine, your Passive, and your Non,
 The Bubble's once blown up, now, Poh, they're gone.
 Where is your Loyalty, so subt'ly shown,
 Sometimes to th' Prince, and sometimes to the Throne,
 Sometimes to both, sometimes to ne'er a one:
 Thus is it Logically plac'd behind
 So many School-boys Querks, 'tis hard to find.*

When

When the great Change (by Heavens permission) try'd
Your Churches Doctrine, and her Clergy's Pride,
Some Conscientious Fools, 'tis true, turn'd out,
But all the Wiser Sheepbeards fac'd about;
And, like good Men, could blacken and upbraid
That sinking Pow'r, for which before they Pray'd.

Dragon.

Scandal (as you are wont) I know you chuse,
As the best Weapon, of Offence, to use,
Whether, on Search, it True, or False be found,
No Matter which, if you can make it wound.
But know my Armour's temper'd against Fate;
And much too hard for you to penetrate:
The Iron Walls, my treasur'd Truths defend,
Reverb'rate all the poisonous balls you send.

You charge me with the want of Loyalty,
That am the chief support of Monarchy:
By my High Priest the Holy Oyl's apply'd,
By me Kings Reign, are Crown'd, and Sanctified;
I am on Earth their Safety, and to Heav'n their Guide:
By me the Fectious Fallhoods are suppress'd,
Scatter'd by restless Rebels, to molest
The happy quiet of a Peaceful Reign,
Which Traytors Envy, and blind Fools Dildain.
Duty to Kings, I to the Publick teach,
To Loyalty Excite, Perswade, Beseech,

That

That all things to the Throne be easie made,
 And him thereon be Reverenc'd, and Obey'd.
 What are all these, but Marks of Loyalty,
 Religious Graces, manifest in me,
 Virtues, I find, too bright for thy dull Eyes to see.

But pray your Reasons to the World impart,
 Why now you from your Old Opinion start.
 In happy days, when *Charles* the Scepter sway'd,
 When base Designs, by you know who, were lay'd,
 Then all your Awkward, Canting Brood profess
 'Twas Damnable, the Bread of Life to Taste,
 Within my Sacred Temple-Walls, but now,
 What then you held so Dangerous, you Allow.
 If once 'twas an Offence so great, we know
 (As you maintain'd, full Twenty Years ago)
 'Tis Now the same, and Ever will be so.
 Why do the Grandees of your Leering Tribe,
 (Who from rank Dugs their Prejudice imbibe)
 So curb their Malice, as Conform of late,
 And with my Flocks they Envy, Congregate.
 Oft on a Sabbath's Morning have I seen
 Rich Awful Zealots of a bulkey Mein,
 Cheat Heaven, and dissemble with the State,
 To be by Flatt'ry, and Deceit made Great;
 Visit my Temples, seem devout as Saints;
 And for their Int'rest, turn base Sicophants:
 Thus with my Worship, thro' design agree,
 And only Mimmick what they hate to be,
 To climb unfairly to Authority.

They

Then, by their own Corrupted Whimsies led,
 Where the Frappe meet, and common Ills are bred;
 There hear the Church, from whence they came Lam-
 [poon'd,
 And True Religion, by an Ape Buffoon'd;
 Who o'er his Cushion, full of Yawn, and Hum,
 Stands Gaping like the Bear that beats the Drum.
 Thus is the Afternoon at Meeting spent,
 The Morning in the Church, at Sacrament:
 Rare Pious Christians, full of Faith, and Grace,
 To thus with Heav'n, dissemble for a Place;
 And pawn their Souls to purchase Sword or Mace.

If I am right, and from Mistakes most free,
 Why do they not Conform intire to me?
 If your dark System, they believe most True,
 Why not alone Communicate with you?
 Those who for Int'rest carry fair with both,
 Are Just to neither, by their Faith or Troth:
 But plung'd between two Crimes to Greatness bent,
 Err with the Wrong, and from the Right Dissent.

Grasshopper.

*If you make Laws t' eclipse my purer light,
 And rob my Sons, of what's their native Right,
 The fault's not theirs, 'tis you incur the blame,
 The Cunning's on their side, or yours: the shame.
 Why not by Birth, and Christian Knowledge free
 To Riches, Honour, and Authority?*

Why must these Worldly Comforts rest in you,
 Or your Sons count all Pow'r and Place their due?
 Why may not mine as well assist the State,
 And in as great attempts, prove fortunate?
 If you such Laws procure, such Pow'r possess,
 As prove a hind'rance to our happiness,
 How can you justly blame us, to evade,
 And leap o'er all the stumbling-blocks you've laid?
 If you such bars to our Preferments make,
 As Oaths, and Sacraments, for your own Int'rest sake,
 It is no crime in us, the same to break or take.
 If you attempt, thro' Pride, to keep us low,
 And we, thro' Cunning, your Designs o'erthrow,
 Call it not Cozening Heaven, but Out-witting you.

Dragon.

No Laws can such loose Principles restrain,
 No force can bind you, but a Golden Chain.
 Int'rest I find, is the prevailing tye,
 Makes you Approve, Conform, Dissent, Deny,
 Oppose the Right, or the Wrong Justifie.
 Int'rest, from me first made you Seperate,
 And become Rival to the Church, and State.
 Int'rest dispos'd you to Intestine Jars,
 Improv'd to Bloody, and Domestick Wars;
 Wherein being flatter'd with unjust success,
 Tramp'l'd on Merit, spit in Virtues Face,
 Riffled the Throne, and stain'd the Judgment-seat,
 With Crimes too black, and dreadful to repeat,

As if to you, Omnipotence had given,
A Sanguine, not a Milky-way to Heaven.

Still are your Thoughts by wild Ambition tost,
Aiming to gain that Pow'r, you justly lost:
At all Elections, busie are your Brood,
Heaving and shoving 'gainst the Publick Good.
On all Promotions, Zealously intent.

Squeeze, Bawl, and Jostle, till their Breaths are spent;
Kick, Cuff, and Scandal (heedless of the Laws)
Tongues, Feet, and Arms, all working for the Cause;
To raise some Meager Darling of their own,
Faction in whose penurious Looks is shown:
Rich by meer Chance, or Fraud, not Great by merit

[grown.]
Who can Lye, Cant, Dissemble, or Forwear,
Declaim against, or hear the Commor-Prayer;
Thro' all Opinions Halt, to Lamely reach the Chair.

Who can his Conscience, to his Interest mould,
Run with the Court, or with the City hold.

And without shame, can true Reflections face,
Or bear all scandal, with a comely Grace.

And will his Pow'r beyond just bounds extend,
To injure Foes, or to advance a Friend;

Or any thing will do, to serve a Faction's End.

These are the worthy *Dolts*, yor Sons advance,
By their false Poles, and double Diligence.

These are the Men of merit, they provide,
To Row, and Goe, against the Wind and Tide;

Who

Who in Tempestuous Discords, they create,
 Sail quite repugnant to the Church and State:
 Yet to such outward Godliness seem bent,
 To Church they'll come tho' in their Heart Dissent;
 But for no Faith, will either Hang, or Starve,
 Both God and Mammon, for Advancement serve;
 Thus seasonably comply, or in fit times can swerve,

If such unsteddy Rovers bear Command,
 Whilst Men of Worth, shall unregarded stand,
 By Law, and Nature, Qualifi'd for Trust,
 To something Fix'd, and known in all things Just.
 If Men like these, shall be by Fraud put by,
 And yield their Rights to the Pedantick Fry;
 England must soon from all her Greatness fall,
 And mourn her Ancient Glories Funeral.
 Which Heaven prevent—

And (that she may once more her Grandure boast)
 Retrieve her Virtues, now so nearly lost;
 And from all Facious Quarrels, and Despights,
 Preserve the Queen, Church, Nation, and our Rights;
 That in One Faith, we may United be,
 And accord sweetly, in just Harmony.

To injure Foes, or to advance a Friend;
 Or any thing will do, to serve a Partisan End.

These are the worthy Do's, for God advance,

By their false Pole, and double Disguise.

These are the Men of merit, they provide,

To Row, and Doc, against the Wind and Tide.